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ESSAYS

AND

POEMS

Harriette W. Young



Essays and Poems

BY

HARRIETTE MERRILL YOUNG

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DEDICATED TO
GRACE
MY BELOVED SISTER
IN THE SPIRIT

MODERN VERSUS ANCIENT RELIGION.

TRUE religion, it seems to me, to be the response to, and recognition of, the intangible, everlasting and Divine energy that humans call God—and which pervades and calls into being every material thing.

As interpreted by the Orthodox Clergy, it takes the form of dogmas, creeds and ceremonies, which savor not of Christ's simple philosophy of love and realization of God, as the source of all things in which we live, move and have our Being. A man or woman is as progressive and spiritual as his or her sense of God.

If we invest that power with a personality that demands incessant glorification, constant supplication for forgiveness of so-called sins—(which many times are human errors, and may be the **by-paths** that lead at last to the right road)—if we invest this Supreme Power with such a personality, then we have accepted the theories expounded by the Orthodox Churches of every nation.

However, some great thinkers of modern times have started various cults that have interpreted the teachings of Jesus Christ in words of love rather than fear, and given us hope and even assurance of things eternal which can be accomplished right here and now—also a Divine parent to help us out of material

difficulties. One who is not apart **from** us, but a part of us. According to the modern philosophy of life, God has given each individual the equipment for mental, moral and spiritual development—it is ours to make the most of. The Christ said, “According to your faith, be it unto you.” If we accept the Deity of the old testament, we must believe in a God of fear. If we see that Being in the simple light of the man Jesus Christ who taught that “God is Love” then our feelings are reverential rather than fearful. If religion was a study of God’s manifestations of Himself to man, in the form of mind and its possibilities, nature and its glories, instead of observance of forms and ceremonies and acceptance of creeds, then would we more readily understand and sense God. Man spends all his energy in progressing in art, science and literature, but in the thought that would enlarge his understanding in the above mentioned things, he refuses to join the onward march, and clings to the theories and teachings of an age, when science had not advanced sufficiently to disprove many of the things believed and professed by the Orthodox Clergy of the present day.

According to an old German proverb, “God sleeps in the stone, dreams in the animal, and comes to consciousness in man.” We require material nourishment for the body, mental nourishment for the needs of mind—so every soul reaches to relieve its soul hunger. The cold creeds and dogmas of the Church have proven to many thinking people, the stone that was given, when bread was needed. If human ears

had been content with the dull thud of the "Tom Tom," and said, "That is the 'ne plus ultra' of all things wonderful in sound," then the universe would never have vibrated to the indescribably wonderful tones of a Stradivarius, or revelled in the art of a Paganini.

To the people who have unlocked the orthodox gates of the mind and send mental messengers in search of truth, God has revealed Himself in forms innumerable, glory inconceivable, and love and munificence unbounded. Progressive thinkers can say with gratitude that the 20th Century has ushered in new and higher forms of religion which have paved the way for a new birth of faith, hope and love which are the foundations of a true religion.

EVERLASTINGNESS.

Belief in the continuity of life apart from the physical body, is absolutely necessary to make the existence on the earth plane really worth all the energy it takes to solve the human problems and overcome physical infirmities. To have faith and hope is not sufficient. We must attain the reality of belief in the Everlastingness of personality and individuality in a form as recognizable and definite as the one we inhabit in earth life. How often an individual expresses contempt for, or a lack of belief in something, and inquiry reveals the fact that the knowledge of that thing is limited because of never having investigated or interested himself in it. Spiritualism more than any other Truth is subjected to such criticism.

In the late war millions of spirits inhabiting strong young bodies, vibrant with life and love, were brutally and suddenly released from their material selves, their spiritual energy being so strong (not having been wearied with fighting long physical illnesses) they in their ecstasy and realization that Life is still theirs in greater abundance and forever, have forced their loved ones on earth to realize their existence on a spiritual plane.

Each creature endowed with life is to that degree Divine and is as deathless as God Himself. Many saunter through life in idle indifference, vaguely wondering how and where the journey ends. Few dis-

cover that it only ends on the reflected Road of Reality and is taken up on the Road of Everlastingness. One who is born blind can only vaguely imagine the bright beauty of the day. So with humans whose spiritual vision is dimmed with human hates and prejudices—they see but dimly their everlastingness.

It is impossible to measure the depth of inspiration and ecstatic satisfaction one feels in his knowledge of the Psychic element back of all visible and invisible nature. What a calamity for one to become deep rooted in prejudice—to lock the great storehouses of the mind against the hosts of messengers that come direct from the Divine Source with revelations of power and things Eternal.

Shakespeare made Hamlet to exclaim, “What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a God!” Some are like men with normal limbs who prefer to use crutches, so little does mankind in general care to understand its power of apprehension, thereby attaining the knowledge to live to the utmost on every plane. Each one has the master key to his mental storehouse. The earth is ours to subdue and subject its forces to our will. The spirit in each is an Everlasting Entity, making eternally its own environment and is not conscious of an ending.

Life for the most part is man working against nature and the result is ignorance, superstition, conflict, discord and inharmony in general. Divine Law creates, provides for, protects everything endowed

with life. The tribulations that affect mankind are of its own making.

The Everlastingness of Life is releasing one's belief in the importance of flesh, and revealing the truth that the so-called dead are not dead, but merely removed to other planes of activity. Life and Love are not in vain, but are the buds that blossom into imperishable flowers.

THE WAY, THE LIFE AND THE TRUTH.

The Way.

The way of life is along the road of pain, weariness, pitilessness and poverty, until through human strife, we are led into the road of spiritual vision, and stand at last at the Gate of Reality to hear the Divine Command—"Enter ye into the joy of the Lord."

Back of the miasma of pain and woe, shines the Light of Divine Love, ever burning until the material atmosphere is cleared and straight before us lies the path that leads to the understanding and knowledge "that casteth out fear."

Life.

Life is the pulsating vibrating joy of Being, shouting its ecstasy, torture, sanctity and endlessness, surrounded always by love, human and divine. Material life is the soul's youth, drawing unto itself wisdom for eternal use. Life is the kaleidoscope through which Infinity views its handiwork, ever changing, always harmonious in coloring, and limitless in variety. It is the Universal Institution where the Spirit student acquires the knowledge of its Unity with its Maker. The Spirit, a self-taught Entity, has its development rewarded by endless promotions. Life, the Holy breath, the Divine energy, the essence of rapturous Divine Love, calling to its offspring to glorify It in nature, art and mankind on the highest plane of Thought, Brotherly Love!

Truth.

I **am**, and I **will** be! Death is a new life, and good embodies everything to attain the soul's aim. Things visible are not the eternal realities—breath cannot be visualized, one cannot paint the wind. Stars can be seen, but the space between, which holds each orbit in its place, cannot be photographed or imagined. The seed is important, but the energy that produces something from it, is the reality—the vision back of the eye, the touch back of the hand, the smell, taste—all are eternal and indescribable. Flesh is merely a semblance, useful while it serves its soul's purpose, but spirit, personality and memory are the intangible, unchangeable realities, mystical and sublime, as are the ways of Infinity.

“Who hath gathered the wind in his fists? Who hath bound the waters in a garment?” What is His name? His name is, the Way, the Truth and the Life, the Root and the Offspring, Man in God and God in Man.

THE UNHOLY TRINITY.

Hate, prejudice, bigotry! The unholy trinity that keeps up a mighty conflict with Progression in the vain hope of triumph. Scorpions of the earth, reaching out their claws to annihilate every constructive thought and being! How unhealthy are such morbidities in the lives of nations and people.

This venom penetrates the mental and organic life of every thing, creating the poison thoughts that result in war, causing people to array themselves against each other for supremacy of the earth and the favor of the Almighty. How unthinkable it is that men and women who have the capacity for constructive thought should join the ranks of these armies of destruction, and lend their aid for barbaric instead of human influence.

However, such is the case, and we meet many of them to-day who still deride the idea of nations cooperating in a league to abolish senseless, degrading, murderous conflict. Such as they, create a sinister glow around the earth, and many crusaders and martyrs must be sacrificed, before the white, pure light of justice and good-fellowship shall change blackness to etheric radiance. When we realize that we make our own destiny, and rise and fall according to our works, then will mankind demonstrate its worthiness to be called the highest expression of God in material form. We exist as perfect beings in the

thoughts of our Creator, and each one's mission on earth is to learn to play his particular instrument in the great human orchestra so that the result will eventually be a great symphony played as if by one man.

Each progressive thinker, who makes of himself a leader, is a John the Baptist preparing the way for a better than he to come. These voices crying in the wilderness have made ready the path for scientific and spiritual benefactors, who take up the cry of the great prophet John, saying, "The crooked shall be made straight, the rough places shall be made smooth, and all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

I hear highly intellectual people advocate keeping out of European troubles. When we live unto ourselves, we are unfair to the world. Just as my arm is a part of my body, so am I a part of God's body, the earth—His material self—so how can my body be normal if my arm is abnormal?

Each has his own mission, and isn't it a glorious thought to feel that the great Choir Master has chosen each to play his part? What a blessing to be able to serve in making the harmony perfect. How unfortunate are they whose instruments are out of tune with the Infinite thought, and who, though having the knowledge to get into the proper harmony, prefer to remain disgruntled listeners instead of participants in the Divine Chorus.

"Strike the rock with your hammer and the jar is felt in Jupiter," said a great philosopher. We are too

much a part of the whole scheme of things to isolate ourselves from Humanity's problems. Man is one with nature, society and God. He must complete his mission. Jesus said, "Let not him who seeks, cease until he finds, and when he finds, he shall wonder, and wondering he shall reach the Kingdom, and having reached the Kingdom, he shall rest."

The only way to save our lives is to lose them. The only way to save a nation is to sacrifice its lower self and gain a higher one. Gardens are not made to bloom by locking seeds in a box, but by planting in the earth, so saving them for our pleasure.

In nature we find God's ideal for human life, and everything co-operates to make a perfect whole.

Many will die for Truth in the ages to come, but finally Mankind will learn the Truth, and "Truth shall make it free."

LOVE—RADIATING HARMONY AND BEAUTY

There is a joy transcending all other pleasure, in contemplating the perfection of Nature, and the completeness of Divine Law. The construction and development demonstrates in color and fragrance, the infinitude of the Maker of all things. One feels inspiration in the thought of the gentle, harmonious color blending and awesome mysteriousness of the dawn—the hour when souls are nearer to the spirit world than at any other time. Gratitude thrills us in the warmth and life giving energy of the noonday sun and the bursting forth of the heavens into the gorgeousness of sunset. Nature revelling in Beauty and Harmony. Then comes the peaceful, prayerful hour when twilight fades into evening and the heavens tell the Glory of God in the constellation. What a privilege mortals enjoy in being allowed to serve their apprenticeship for immortality, in a world so resplendent with Divine art.

Each individual reflects the same qualities that go to make up these mystical garments of Beauty and Harmoniousness. The Divine inspiration for these things is Love—the Creator's fulfillment of Joy. His breath giving life to all things. His Being, pulsating and throbbing with energy, joy and love, demonstrating it in the abundance of things necessary to sustain life and to inspire art and literature.

To the human sense, the significance of Love, seems to be the attraction between individuals of opposite sex or the bond of affection between friends, or the truest of all loves, the undefinable something that knows no limit to sacrifice or unselfishness—the Divine tie that exists between parent and child.

To the materialist, Love is a transitory emotion that satisfies its bodily senses, and ends when that body is incapacitated for response to its demands. To the one whose thoughts have led him into the knowledge of Divine Law, Love is the soul's center, which attracts other souls to it, and through the natural process of evolution, purifies until it radiates the perfection of Divine Love. Selfless and eternal, it is the essence of Being, radiating outwardly as do the sun's rays, and is the Spirit of the good Samaritan that relieves the woes of humanity by its helpful, encouraging understanding.

To itself it draws good-will, power and health. Love, sun of the soul, the human solar system, the central orbit of each individual's eternal self, expressing itself in motherhood, music, all Beauty and Harmony! A Divinely energetic force, it knows no evil and is the Spirit of all things, the secret of life and eternity. Few there are who make the discovery, for mankind is mostly occupied with semblances, transitory and unsatisfying. Sleeping Humanity must awake eventually to the imperishability of personality and memory. Eternal souls we are whose destiny it is to perfect ourselves, through human experiences,

until we have mastered the problems of life and become one in knowledge with God. God is Love, and Love is God, a force inexhaustible, enriching forever the Giver and Receiver.

“The clouded earth goes up in sweet breathed flowers,
In music dies poor human speech
And into Beauty blow these hearts of ours
When Love is born in each.
Daisies are white upon the churchyard sod,
Sweet tears the clouds lean down and give;
The world is very lovely—My God!
I thank Thee that I live.”

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

Does anyone ever attain real human worth who has not passed through the fire of disillusionment, perhaps the keenest form of disappointment? It is through such experience that we attain real human sympathy. Our disappointments come so often through things that seem quite important, but really are of little consequence in comparison to the things that go to make up life, and I mean life in the eternal sense.

How much energy is wasted on vanities. Instead of employing our inanimate possessions, such as houses, lands, gold, etc., they employ us to our destruction. Simplicity isn't doing **without** things, but in using them to make life a thing of beauty now and always.

Religion isn't **renunciation** but **radiation**. Don't put a ban on everything that is wholesome, natural and progressive, shutting God out of life. We must have joys, intellectual and physical, just as we have the air which is invisible to the eye, and then the visible manifestations of God such as vast oceans, and mountain chains and other materializations of nature.

Many people become mentally unbalanced because of failure to achieve some material thing, which, if they had been successful in accomplishing, would

have given them only transitory pleasure or gain. Narrow restricted ideas prevent discrimination between the wheat and the chaff and hinder mental control.

Happiness to-day seems to have eluded Humanity in general. Certain forms, of what the average person considers as such, exist only for those who have money to indulge their whims. Of recent years, men and women are paying more attention to writers who devote their talent to humanity, by explaining the philosophical ways to attain a happy mental state, teaching humans to know the difference in the things that merely divert and the things that we have with us always.

Crucifixion and persecution usually follow the attempt of any individual who builds his dwelling on a higher plane of morality than that of his time. Progression is a slow growth because we haven't yet realized how mighty it is to change man's opinions.

Outside the radius of one's own light all is darkness, and it is not penetrated by high sounding meaningless speeches and phrases. Truthful simplicity shines through like the beacon light through the fog and storm, to guide hopeless despairing souls to a place of refuge.

Simplify religion so that men may enjoy its comfort—simplify ourselves by understanding nature and its laws.

David in his supplication to God voices the cry of those who are still in darkness when he said, "Save me, Oh, God, for the waters have come into my soul. I sink in deep mires where there is no standing. I am come into deep waters where the floods o'erflow me." But the greatest spiritual teacher of all has given the assurance to mankind that the only waters that can cover one's soul are the wave thoughts of ignorance washed in on the tides of theological rust.

"New occasions teach new duties, Time
Makes ancient good uncouth.
They must upward still and onward, who
Would keep abreast of Truth.
So before us gleam her camp-fires, we
Ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea—
Nor attempt the Future's portals, with
The past's blood-rusted key."

THOUGHTS ALONG THE WAY.

How filled with interest is Life if we make of it a work shop for our thoughts, learning how to convert it into a garden of beautiful bloom instead of a wilderness of perplexity, with problems accepted and unsolved. Our ways are very trifling and often lead us into dissatisfaction and painful experiences. Dreams remain unrealized, because we feverishly live without even trying to understand what is meant by Life.

It is the origin and essence of all things, filled with precious jewels which escape our possession through ignorance, foolish pride and utter disregard of its realities and how to find and retain them.

What blasphemy to ignore the presence of God in all nature, or to endow the Creator with attributes less wise and loving than his creatures. A Power so Infinite in love, that even the merest form of life is protected and sustained, is referred to by supposedly intelligent people as a "God of Vengeance." We should be "God loving" instead of "God fearing" people.

A bountiful Creator shows us how to be merciful. An Infinite Artist shows us that Harmony and Beauty are His laws.

We may delude ourselves into discord, but we pay for the disobedience. A religion of love and

pity is necessary to mankind, rather than the barbarous codes of slaughter and vengeance of the early ages.

Life is all life. There is no such thing as death in its composition. All life has its methods and change, but once Divine Energy enters into a thing, it can only change its form, but never be destroyed. We may never in one plane of existence realize our ideals, but we can all lift our eyes up to the hills.

It is God's law that height means purification. Only in the valley is the air dank and filled with miasma. The hill tops abound in rarified energy. It is easier to stay in the valley where it is cool and shady, but we surely die for want of light and heat, which means Life.

When natures are not warmed with sympathy and kindness, they shrink into dwarfed personalities, and can only come into greatness by letting in the warmth of love and understanding, which beget tolerance and mercy for all struggling humanity. We all need each other, and the only independence that rises above ignorance, and has justification, is the feeling one gets from having emancipated himself from human belief in his limitations. When one can feel his own importance as an entity, one with God and Life in possibilities, then can he say with an exultant independence, "I have overcome the world!" Then more than ever, is he humble in his attitude toward his less fortunate brothers.

Superior attitudes toward life and people, which so often are displayed by men and women, in my

opinion make the buffoonery in the human drama. But we must have comedians as well as tragedians, so even they serve their purpose.

To be grateful for a friend, to give without thought of reward, to help by sympathy and encouragement, and to radiate as much good will as we can, seems to me to be one good way of developing a character, which leaves sweet memories with our loved ones and friends—our monuments for earth and an eternal atmosphere for our spirit life.

YOUTH.

Love life with all its joys, sorrows, its hard work and happy idleness. The secret of youth is enthusiasm—the ecstasy of things lies in being enthusiastic. Years are uninteresting things—be an individual of all time and no age. Defy age by retaining vigor through mental development—rob time of its **destructive** power by thinking **constructive** thoughts. An intellectual fortune is our inheritance—earth, with all its wonders, science, art, music and literature.

We seek to perpetuate youth in the drugs prepared for physical uses, in cures and famous baths, but the fountain which eluded Ponce de Leon was in himself, and so with every individual it is always accessible. Good thoughts, profitable occupation, high ideals and sincere friendships—these are the things worth while, the things, that make youth as it should be, and the added years even greater bliss, because of the understanding and ability to truly enjoy them.

Custom has formed the depressing habit of belief in the decreasing usefulness of the flesh with passing years. Our thoughts express our bodies to such an extent, that if we hold the aging thought, the living cells (of which the body is composed) cease to absorb life giving energy, and the result is the appearance of age.

Youth is in the spirit, not in the body. Live in the **spirit** of youth instead of the **matter** of age. Each individual has the Divine Chemist indwelling, and if we do not hinder the laboratory work by wrong methods of thinking and living, we should become more intellectual, useful and efficient because of our unfolding faculties. Titian painted his great "Venus" after sixty years, Verdi wrote "Othello" and "Falstaff" in his seventies, Gladstone became Prime Minister of England at eight-three, after years of opposition from Parliament.

Keep the candle of youth burning steadily by protecting the mind against useless destructive thoughts, such as dwelling on unpleasant past experiences, seeing sadness in art where there should be beauty and inspiration. God laughs through the sunshine, the bird's song, the brilliant beauty of the flowers and the mind of man.

Oh Friend, come away from the griefs that kill—

Drink of life's joys, with God's Youth thyself fill;
March on, with no care for the yester years,
Nor list' to the voice filled with memories' tears.

'Tis in Spirit we show, what time only can give,

More wisdom, more faith and knowledge to live;
With delight in the heart it seems always fair
weather—

Keep Youth and the thoughts ever house-mates
together.

HOPE.

Hope is the optimistic and eternal child born of Faith. In the natural process of evolution it emerges from its chrysalis stage into “**belief**”, which transcends Faith, and embraces knowledge and understanding.

Yet the beauty of Hope is never lost, and its stimulating effect on Spirit and Body continues to dominate every stage of its development. Belief, understanding and knowledge are the essence and result of Hope. The Creator has imbued it with an everlasting appeal to everything endowed with Divine Energy. Mortals eternally hope for success, happiness, health, love and most of all, life—in and apart from the Body.

Our greatest hope is to retain conscious communion through all time, with those bound to us by ties of love and friendship.

Hope, the Invisible, Intangible Reality, tells us that Life is more than meat, and the Body than raiment—that God is all goodness, mercy, and truth and these facts endure for generations without end.

There is no speech or language where the voice of Hope is not heard—there is no darkness where its light cannot penetrate, and there is **nothing** hid from its sight. “More to be desired it is than fine gold, and sweeter it is than the honey and the honey-comb.” From Infancy through Immortality it is our “Strength and our Salvation”—our sunlight on Life’s highway,

and the constellation through nights of spiritual and material trials.

It is the Good Samaritan ever ready to lend its aid, and the Divine whisper that tells of Immortal Joys, life without end, love everlasting and ideals to be realized.

It is the destroyer of the Arch enemy of mankind, Fear—and is the mighty voice that delivers us from shame, sickness and death.

Hope is the essence of the teaching of the Nazarene, promising justice, peace, and mercy to the poor, oppressed, wretched and fallen. We enter the "Holy of Holies" and there find Hope changing vice to virtue, hatred to love, darkness into light, and tyranny to mercy and justice.

Hope is the Life's To-morrow with its bright promises of sunlight and a new day. "Let Thy mercy be upon us, O! Lord, according as we hope in Thee."

“HOPE”

Man lives and loves in the light of the sun,
The moon and the stars show the way
To guide storm tossed ships to a Harbor safe,
When the winds and the tides hold sway.
And ever telling in whispers Divine
Of things eternal and true,
Sounds the voice of Hope, to mortals oppres't
When human sense has obscured the view.
Oh Hope! you're a friend so gentle and kind,
That bids us to seek, where we're sure to find.

FULFILLMENT.

Thou art the Way, the Truth and the Life,

All that Thou art is re-born in me.

No matter how humble, how great or how small,

We're Eternity's children, awaiting its call.

The Bud's fulfilled promise in fragrance and flower

Is God's message to man of Soul's radiance and
power.

Thou art the Life, and I, too, am the Way,

With Truth marching onward, tho' man bids it stay.

Martyred, bleeding, triumphant—Oh! Trio much
blessed!

Eternally shining—Divine stars on the Crest.

BENEFICENCE!

I wonder why on Life's great way,
We seldom think to do or say
The helpful generous thing or deed,
Which is really all that humans need.
Life is so filled with joy and things,
That one can be simple, and have more than kings.

To laugh, to sing, to love—much more
Than having palaces, or wealth galore.
God in Infinite Love provided,
That all good things shall be divided.
If one has talent, the other has lands,
And they all are from His Beneficent Hands.

But **each** has love, as **all** have God,
Being One and the Same,
Flesh only is sod.

Far greater than all is assurance Christ given,
That **life** isn't reached by a weapon tho' driven
Till it reaches the heart, and its function ceases—
All praise be to Him! Who then **life** increases.

“LIFE”

Life is a Holy breath
That vibrates high and low,
Filling the things we call time and space
With sensations of ceaseless flow.

Some plod through like soulless things—
Their feet touching only the sod,
While others repond to Beauty's call
And find their way to God.

The mighty voice of thunder—
The dawn's gray softness still,
The harvest moon and the sunset grand
Bespeak the power and art revealed
To those who will understand.

Love in its myriad forms comes to each—
Mother, child, sweetheart and wife—
So Power, Art, Beauty and Love,
With God for the **cause**, make Life.

WHO ARE THE BRAVE?

Whom call we brave in life's human band?

Is it he who dies at a king's command?

Or the one that suffers and toils thro' tears,

That loved ones may live through the weary years?

Is it courage to die, when in glory it's done?

Or is it courage to live with good deeds unsung?

The world is a battlefield, human worth is the test,

The brave and courageous, play the game—give
their best.

The brave do and give, without thought of the fame,

Like one martyred and humble, who from Galilee
came,

They live and they die caring naught for reward,

But no seed is sown, without harvest from God.

So all are the brave, as each has to live,

We must willingly do and unselfishly give—

And we find our joy in work, love and laughter,

Serving man, we serve God—the reward will come
after.

MY DESIRE.

This would I be to him, the roses and the wine
That fill his cup with fragrance and delight,
To inspire him with courtesy, to loose his tongue
to speak,
Of things he never said or dreamed by night.

Oh, to be like children left at large,
To play in fields of flowers
For days and years, thru sunny noons,
Without reserve, to love thru life's long hours.

His strong yet gentle arms I feel,
For his kiss on my lips I sigh,
I've built an altar, a shrine to love,
Ah, sweet! Must the fire die?

LOVE'S WAYS.

Love is so arrogant
Love is so meek—
Its passionate kiss or loving caress
Will burn or brush gently thy cheek.

Now it is King
Now it is slave—
But always true love
Has courage—is brave.

It laughs and it sighs,
It suffers and cries,
But true love is constant
The soul never dies.

It is Winter, Spring, Summer.
It is joy, it is grief,
It has emotions and seasons,
They are ecstatic, but brief.

Its ways need no reason
And after a season
It might languish, in Spirit and Truth.
But alack and a day! It's just Love's sweet way,
It is only the Spirit of Youth.

CHANGELESS.

I despair for the winter that's in my heart—
For the miles and years that between us roll,
But the love that is yours will traverse the miles,
And the years bring it nearer my soul.

With tears and longing I wait for the morn,
Praying sunrise to end the chill night,
So in faith, hope and love, I must live and wait,
Knowing God maketh all things right.

The flowers will fade, the birds will have fled,
My love will be changeless, though the heart be dead.

YOUTH.

To Sydney.

I see the joy and ecstasy of it
 In your sparkling brown eyes,
And your body so fit—
 In the curve of your chin
And the gloss of your hair,
 Oh Sydney, dear, you're so young and so fair

 You're at the dawn of life
 All things like that hour
Seem roseate, and soft
 And love a fair flower.

Your throat has the bird's trill,
 Your soul has the song—
May God in you keep the melody sweet,
 Your whole life long.

THE MESSAGE.

The River flows on for a thousand years,
Never ceasing its work or its play,
Like memories dear of yester year
When to-morrow will be to-day.

Oh Time! could you speak and tell the young heart,
That the joys with which they never will part,
Are the ones they give, and not those they receive?
Ah, care free Youth —How hard to believe!

Just keep on giving and the passing years
Like withering leaves fly away,
And we wake on Life's morning
As from dreamless sleep,
To greet an Eternal New Day.

Learn from the River a lesson,
Learn from Life its song—
A thousand years are but few when we're **doing**,
Eternal Life, when we **give**, is not long.

TO-MORROW.

Joy, gladness, pain and sorrow,
 In some form or another
Will be ours to-morrow;
 But the day that brings joy,
And the day that brings gladness
 Will be one that brings you,
Is it, dearest, my madness?

But ever I'll hope
 At some time, in some place,
Your eyes will meet mine,
 I'll feel your embrace.
Perhaps time and absence
 May change my to-morrow,
From joy and gladness
 Into pain and to sorrow.

THE LOOM OF LIFE.

The Loom of Life is an Infinite plan
To weave God's thoughts on the soul of Man,
Life is the woof that makes or mars,
And the same Divine mind directs sun, moon and
stars.

In and out the design is woven
And the soul responds to His thought,
If one thread is missed, then the beauty is marred,
And one life with mistake is fraught.

So for ages and ages the loom works on
And the warp is the soul of Man;
If Beauty, Love, Service are pictured there
We have worked out God's Infinite plan.

DESPAIR.

Sorrow, I have looked on thy face,
In grief, I have bowed my head,
My cup filled with wine has turned to gall
To Gethsemene's Hill I have fled.

Dear Christ! With thy spear-pierced side,
And the blood on thy agonized brow,
If in Spirit, thy memory serves to recall,
Send thy love thoughts to help me now.

With human woes my soul is tried,
Prayers avail not to lift the weight.
I feel that my spirit has lost its way,
And Despair veils Eternity's Gate.

God's Sun is hid from my gaze,
There's no light from the Stars' milky way,
All has vanished but sorrow, there's no care
for the morrow,
Despair! is Master to-day.

YEARNING.

The doves on the sill are cooing and mating,
The breeze thru the trees croons and sighs,
In my dreams by night, I feel loving arms,
And the stars shine like love-lit eyes.

How often I pray that from out time and space
My heart's call will reach its soul's mate,
The spirit is weary and earth life will cease,
If long I must wander and wait.

My songs will die at the day of birth
If no melody comes to the ear,
And the heart be chilled with grief and despair,
If no flower of love blooms to cheer.

THE ETERNAL SELF.

I smell the perfume of roses,
I see the love in your eyes'
They are the breath and soul
And reflection of God—
And it shows in the blue of the skies.

Your voice I hear'
Your hand clasps mine
And I know that the lasting and true,
Are the indescribable voice and touch,
They're the **eternal** and **wonderful YOU**.

I know that when earth with its sorrows and joys
Has served its material aim,—
And flesh has surrendered its immortal charge,
That **you** will live **on—be** the same.

A boundless love creates the plan
For material life, and **eternal man**.



AT ONE-MENT.

As the wind blows by from the sea,
It revels in pure delight,
And I feel that I am the breeze,
And am flying beyond the sight.

As I listen to music in rapture
The **self** and **me** cease to be—
I am One with Beauty, Nature and Art,
I am God, and God is Me.

To learn the fulfillment of His great plan,
To know every joy and delight,
Is to love and suffer, and greatness reflect,
To grow daily in Wisdom and Might.

A suffering face is God in pain;
The Sun's burst of glory at morn
Is the Beauty and Spirit and Power of Him,
We are, All is God, Earth re-born.

MY DUTY.

Today I would live for the morrow,
To the highest and best that I know,
Forgetting self, greed and worry in thought
So that good from the hours will flow.

From the beauty and love that surround me
I'll draw strength to forget human strife,
So that cheer and health will thrill and fill me
With praise to Him who gives life.

Prayer should be grateful expression,
For a world of reflected Beauty,
So let me live to the highest today
That to-morrow may prove my duty.

VICTORIOUS DEATH!

What is this line, this shadow between,
This silence intense and unbroken?
God gives the command, and it comes to pass—
To each weary mortal 'tis spoken.

Is it dreamless sleep, where we rest our souls
Between each recurring life?
Or eternal years, spent before God's Throne
Where forgotten is envy and strife?

In each human heart gleams the star of hope
That the lost be regained forever—
A beseeching prayer for reunion at last
Where Spirit and Love ne'er will sever.

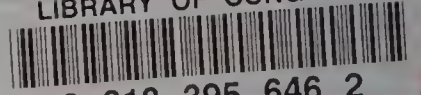
But the Soul of Man is not blind to the Glory
That awaits the children of Men;
Oh Immortal Future! Remembrance and Love!
To die—is to Live again!

OH, LAND OF FREEDOM.

Oh mighty land of Virtue, Freedom and Power,
The Stars and Stripes above us wave,
The country's fair flow'r—
Blest are the people then
Who live and die for Thee,
Free States United! Loyalty plighted!
Thy name shall stand for evermore
For Peace and Harmony.

Fleeing a tyrant's rule
A band of Pilgrims came,
To find at last Columbia's shore,
And build her great fame.
So will we carry on
That it may ever be
Free States United! Loyalty plighted!
The Stars and Stripes an emblem true
For peace and harmony.

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